

believes that Christian citizens should vote against the saloon. He may even go so far as to say that a great many Christians knowingly vote in favor of the saloon by voting for the political parties who protect, defend, and keep alive that vast admonition. But in this he is evidently going beyond his province. How does he know that they are Christians? The Bible says, "by their fruits ye know them." Now if the open and flourishing saloon is one of their fruits, what does it argue? We are really afraid to say.

But listen further to Mr. Scudder's remarks. He says that "many so-called Christian people are such common worshippers and are so absorbed in money-making that they care little what becomes of the government." Tush! One would be constrained to believe from such extravagant language that there were Christian people who favored the saloon, for example, because it produced a large public revenue. Actually favored it for the money it brought into the public treasury, thereby tending largely to reduce the tax burdens of alleged Christians. Whoever would think of such a thing? We beg pardon of our readers for writing such slander. Christian people do work hard to make money, but it is always for the glory of God, and they do believe in good government, saloon or no saloon, for it helps them to make money for God's glory, thus obeying the apostolic injunction that "whatever we do, do all to the glory of God." If this isn't the righteous truth about the representative church member, it's time he was asking the question; "where am I at?"

LESSONS FOR THE OCCASION

D. C. MOOMAW

The saddest of all the days that this poor, lost world ever saw was when gentle, white-plumed peace took her departure to a more congenial sphere. Red Rebellion stalked unabashed in the beautiful garden which God had specially fitted for his first-born child and a brother's blood began its long, eternal wail for vengeance. The awful tragedy was done and the Father withdrew his loving face from human sight. A long, black, desolate, rayless, starless night cast its baleful shadow over the world; and lust, rapine, and red-handed murder began their sad carnival.

Love, peace, good-will, all had gone, and every hellish passion, unrestrained, held rule and reign from horizon to horizon. Demoni-
 acal vultures fastened their insatiate beaks in men's and women's hearts, and incarnate hell swept over the earth and destruction universal followed in its wake.

The festering sore ate deeper into the moral vitals of mankind, until a God of boundless love and mercy could not look longer upon the seething mass, and he washed it out in the tragic deluge, when everything that breathed went down in a universal flood, save the lone household of Noah.

Once more did our race, untaught and unwarned by the fate of antediluvian hosts, start on its course into the jaws of divine

wrath, led, as of old, by satan and his black cohorts, and ages of sin and sorrow followed in fast succession, until another period of purification came and the sword of vengeance, unsheathed, was ready to thrust in and reap another universal harvest of death, when "suddenly" above historic India's classic hills there came a gorgeous host of winged choristers singing the sweetest song that ever greeted human ears, a song that has ever greeted human ears, a song that has entranced and enraptured millions of the human children of God in all the ages since; and this was their song: "Peace on earth and good will toward men." Peace so long absent had come again, ushered and escorted by the highest of God's angelic children, and a thousand thanks from each of millions of hearts and lips—it had come to stay. It would never leave this sad world again. It would stay until all sin was gone, until all sorrow was assuaged; it would work until all hearts were given to God; it would take away death's terrors and light the dark chambers of the grave. It would carry heroes thru the martyr's floods and flames, and it would work until this poor world was transformed from the abode of devils into an abode of Gods. Its incarnation, "The Babe of Bethlehem," was come with the rich, glorious gift of his Father's infinite love, and "peace and good-will" were offered to all who could reach out the heart and hand to receive it.

We celebrate that glorious day, that glorious gift Monday. Was there ever such a day? Were there ever such gifts? Was there ever such a giver? Were there ever such heralds? Was there ever such a messenger? Was there ever such a message? Thru all the lands and countries, thru all the ages and generations, thru all the epochs since has the blessed song brightened the lives and lightened the hearts of the myriads who have loved and served God and his immaculate Son. Victory has followed in its path and heroes and heroines of all nations have glorified God in deeds of god-like love under its benignant inspiration.

We now catch the holy impulse and pass on to rising generations the glad, sweet song of "Peace on earth and good will toward men." There are thousands now at our gates who are the wards of the Father's children, unto whom we must go in Jesus' name. "What would Jesus do today were he here?" is the question for all his followers to ask. His great mission was to bestow gifts. Himself the best of all the Father's gifts, He bore gifts to all who needed them most,—He gave to the hungry, to the blind, to the deaf, to the dumb, to the lame, to the sorrowing, the sinning, the sick and the dead. No social, moral, political, religious or other incidental or arbitrary lines bounded or limited His gifts. Let all his children on this glad joyous day, imitate that sweet element of His nature and carry gifts to gladden the hearts of every man and woman and child whom God has placed at our doors. If we are His we will do it; if we do not, then tear down

the false banners. Let us not mock God on the blessed anniversary of His Son. "Except we have the Spirit of Christ we are none of His." The divine gifts of "Peace and goodwill" are the heritage of all who bear his image, and when we think of our brothers in the Transvaal and Philippines and in all the lands of heathen darkness, where wars of blood and lusts rage, our hearts should go out to them all in earnest prayer that the seraphic song would speedily brighten all the dark corners of the earth, and that the last remnants of Satan's power over men would be broken and destroyed and that the glorious prophecy would soon be a glorious reality, when "the knowledge of the Lord would cover the world as the waters do the bottom of the sea."

May the Father of infinite love and mercy pardon what we have done amiss, or not done at all, during the year that is nearly gone, and bestow on us all the rich gift of his grace to make us the instruments of his glory for the year that is soon to come.

Home Circle

CHRISTMAS AT HOME

C. F. YODER

When the days are short and gloomy and the sun gives frigid light,
 When the star-beams shoot like needles thru the shivering night,
 When the cold dead earth is shrouded in its robe of white,
 And the clouds are frozen foam,
 When the storm king drives his chariot down the icy street,
 And his hungry dogs go howling round about your feet,
 When the traveler finds about him naught but ice and sleet,
 Then 'tis good to have a home.

When the sunlit windows glimmer like to crystal gold,
 When the whole house creaks and shivers in the crouching cold,
 When the tribes of elfs and goblins, spooks and ghouls become most bold,
 And the ghosts do nightly roam,
 When the mournful wind goes wailing round about the door,
 And the snow thru cracks and key-holes gently sifts upon the floor,
 When the world without is frozen to the core,
 Then 'tis good to be at home.

When there's lots of coal and kindling and the fire is blazing bright,
 And the sitting room is flooded with a warm and mellow light,
 And the children romp around it—what a jolly sight
 —Like a merry hippodrome—

When the cellar's full of apples and the pantry's full of jam,
 When the attic's full of popcorn and the smoke-house full of ham,
 And you've got an invitation to just come home and cram,
 Then 's the time to just go home!

When the cupboard's full of goodies and mince and pumpkin pie,
 When the fatted calf is ready and Christmas draweth nigh,
 Then you feel a funny feeling and heave a heavy sigh,
 And vow you'll cease to roam.